THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, October 19, 1801.

THE SCOTSMAN's TALE.

(Continued from Page 293.)

"MY heart fondly turned towards St. Peterſburg, where I believed I ſhould find my mother, my brother, and my ſiſter. As I was now rather more unfortunate than themſelves, I conceived that my offences would be expiated in their eyes; and I accordingly embarked. I ſoon found that I had had the misfortune to loſe one of the three, without being happy enough to recover the other two; for my reception from St. Victoire was neither brotherly nor generous. It was indeed ſuch as determined me to meet him no more; for I was not without ſome ſhare of the family pride when it was rouſed. I ſaw Claudina accidentally for a quarter of an hour, but he would not permit me to converſe with her freely. I wrote to her, however; and I requeſted from her my mother's picture, as a memorial of my family. She did not poſſeſs it; but ſhe ſent me her own, together with an earneſt intreaty to ſee me again. No doubt ſhe thought me very unkind; for I was ſo circumſtanced that I could not enter the liſts with St. Victoire on that ſubject, and he eluded my addreſs when I attempted to ſend her another letter. I, therefore, quitted St. Peterſburg without having an opportunity of vindicating my ſentiments to her, and came over to England; where, by the continued aſſiſtance of my worthy friends at Rouen, I obtained the employment in the courſe of which I was fortunate enough to meet with you.—Ah! your generous heart, my dear friend," ſaid he, preſſing my hand, "has ſympathized with mine during this narration!—May it be thus that good actions ever come home to the boſom of him who performs them! You reſpected the innocent tenderneſs of Claudina, and that

tenderneſs will, I hope, henceforward be unremittingly exerciſed to reward you!—You extended your philanthropy and good offices to a foreigner whom your countrymen did not always treat with the indulgence due to the unfortunate: you have gained by it a friend, who will, to the lateſt hour of his life, be the friend of Engliſhmen, and the protector of thoſe of any country to whom protection is neceſſary."

Vaudreuil ſpoke this with an energy and ſerioufneſs that was extremely affecting: or elſe its being my own panegyric cauſed it extremely to affect me. He ſpoke Engliſh tolerably; but on this occaſion he expreſſed himſelf throughout in French: and I know not how it happens, but my tranſlation ſeems to have loſt all the fire and ſpirit of the original.

Nothing now appeared neceſſary toward my felicity but to ſee Claudina. I told him as much, and at the ſame moment, recollecting the letter of her's I ſtill poſſeſſed, I offered it to him.—"I have converſed with her ſince it was written," ſaid he, putting it in his pocket; "and therefore know its contents.—St. Victoire is at this moment extremely fatigued, and in no condition to receive you. Claudina, who has not been many hours in town after a moſt rapid journey, will herſelf be the better for a ſhort repoſe; and as ſhe cannot calculate that I ſhould meet with you ſo ſoon, ſhe will probably find it. You do not yet know by what means I became poſſeſſed of your ſecret. Have you no curioſity?—or are you ſo inhoſpitable that you are already ſolicitous to get rid of me?"

Vaudreuil was not wrong in his ſurmiſe. I could with great pleaſure have taken him by the arm, and led him out of my houſe toward that in which I ſhould find his ſiſter. I had not the leaſt curioſity to know how he became acquainted with my ſecret, as he called it. It appeared to me that the ſtory would have done equally well at any time: and, in plain terms, that he could not have found one more *mal à propos* for telling it than that preſent; but I had my meaſures to keep. Vaudreuil had generouſly humbled both himſelf and his family too much before me, to allow me any liberty of action where they were concerned. I had, therefore, nothing for it but patience: and I endeavoured to collect myſelf to a decent attention. I was reſtleſs, however, at firſt: but the ſubject was ſtill Claudina and her brothers;—it therefore again inſenſibly intereſted and tranquillized me.

"I had not been long in England," ſaid Vaudreuil, "before I wrote to St. Victoire. We had parted from each other in high diſpleaſure: but when I recollected that it might be perhaps for the laſt time, I could not reſolve to leave him and Claudina without any traces of me; or myſelf without a place in the remembrance of either. I thought it vain, however, to write to her; as he would, doubtleſs, again ſuppreſs my letter. Without

out being circumſtantial, I gave him to underſtand that, on my arrival in England, I had fallen upon a plan by which I might ſecure myſelf from the horrors of penury. To ſay truth, I was afraid of explaining the nature of my employment, leſt I ſhould irreparably offend his ariſtocratical ideas; but I made it plain that I ſolicited nothing from him but brotherly good wiſhes and regard. I exhorted him to allow Claudina at leaſt ſometimes to write to me, and gave him my addreſs for that purpoſe. I received no anſwer to this letter: as indeed I hardly expected I ſhould. A conſiderable time paſſed away, every hour of which added to my melancholy, as I began to believe that I was fated to be always an alien from my family connections; when, on the evening, or rather night, of that day on which you and I had been in the country together, I returned late to my lodgings, and, to my ſurprize, found a letter lying there for me, directed in a female hand. It was from Claudina, who wrote, at the deſire of St. Victoire, to requeſt my protection and aſſiſtance. They had landed together from a Ruſſian merchantman at the port of Hull; driven abruptly from St. Peterſburg by the indiſcretion of St. Victoire.

Claudina will give you the particulars of his quarrel with a Ruſſian officer of diſtinction. They had a meeting in conſequence of it, when both were wounded: the Ruſſian ſeverely. My brother, notwithſtanding his own ſuffering, was put under confinement; and death or exile to Siberia ſeemed the puniſhment that awaited him. The recovery of his antagoniſt, however, and an intereſt he had the addreſs to create for himſelf in the heart of a female favourite, mitigated his ſentence. He was commanded to quit the Ruſſian territories within a limited time, and to return thither no more under pain of death.

The period allowed him to prepare for his departure was extremely ſhort; his ſickneſs, together with his extravagance, had left him totally unprovided with money, nor could his friend the Marquis de S—— aſſiſt him; for he had been himſelf obliged to withdraw from St. Peterſburg ſome little time before; and his wife, from diſtreſs of circumſtances, had retired to her father, the Duc de C——.

In this exigency, without aſſiſtants, adviſers, or friends, St. Victoire and Claudina could think of no better plan than that of coming over to England, and throwing themſelves upon me—Me! whoſe miſerable and impoveriſhed ſtate you are ſo well acquainted with!—The calculation they formed of it was, however, very different from the truth. In writing to St. Victoire, I had forborne to draw it in its worſt colours, both for the reaſons I have before given you, and the fear leſt he ſhould ſuſpect me of wanting any pecuniary ſervice from him. This delicacy on my part was the ſource of their error: they embarked full of chimerical hopes. Claudina has ſince told me, that, although ſhe dared not

hint as much to St. Victoire, there was yet another heart in your iſland on which ſhe relied even more entirely than on mine—how juſtly, I have ſince had ample occaſion to prove!—Their paſſage was rough. My brother's wound, which had been too haſtily cloſed, opened again; but for Claudina's knowledge of Engliſh they would have been totally helpleſs; and ſuch was altogether their ſituation ſoon after they landed, that no reſource remained but to write to me, and exhort me to come and extricate them from it.

Alas! I had no means to do ſo; and Claudina's letter was, therefore, a ſtab to my heart. At the moment I received it I neither poſſeſſed a ſingle guinea, nor the means of raiſing one. You were the only human being to whom I had ever applied on a ſimilar occaſion, and I now ventured to throw myſelf a ſecond time upon you. By an effort better ſuited to the liberality of your mind than to your circumſtances, you ſent me a more conſiderable ſum than I had requeſted. I travelled night and day to reach Hull, and fortunately arrived there ſooner than I had been expected; when I immediately called in proper aſſiſtance to St. Victoire, who was ſufficiently altered both in conſtitution and manners to excite my tendereſt ſympathy. As to dear Claudina, ſhe and I had ſoon cauſe to regret that we had not earlier underſtood each other's heart.

Nothing could be more delightful than this firſt intercourſe between two beings ſo nearly allied in blood, yet hitherto ſtrangers. Your converſation and habits of thinking had enlightened her mind too much to allow of her cheriſhing the prejudices which had originally diſunited me from my family; and I was no leſs delighted with the cultivation of her judgment than with the charms of her perſon. I told her exactly my own ſituation; and, without preciſely naming you, deſcribed the generous friend whoſe aſſiſtance had enabled me to undertake my journey. Claudina, on her part, was not leſs frank. She related to me all the ſecrets of her heart, and beſpoke an intereſt in mine for the man ſhe loved.

Imagine our mutual ſurpriſe—our lively and exquiſite pleaſure, when we found that we had in reality been talking of one and the ſame perſon!—There was nothing after this diſcovery ſo much the wiſh of either as to reach London with all poſſible diſpatch. Claudina had already written a long letter to you, in order to account, by a relation of the late events that had befallen St. Victoire, for a ſilence that had exceeded her uſual limits. At my deſire ſhe ſuppreſſed this letter. I hardly entertained a doubt but on the receipt of it you would have come to us at the hazard probably of great inconvenience to yourſelf; and, to ſpeak frankly, I alſo promiſed my own heart an indeſcribable ſatisfaction in being the firſt to announce to you thoſe delightful ſenſations in which I was certain you would ſympathize.

Claudina

Claudina did not, I aſſure you, make the ſacrifice I demanded of her without ſome regret: but ſhe did make it: and the rather, as we had reaſon to ſuppoſe St. Victoire's health would amend rapidly enough to allow of our ſetting off without much delay. In fact you will perceive by the time of my abſence that we made all poſſible ſpeed. Our circumſtances, nevertheleſs, did not allow us to chooſe the moſt commodious method of travelling, and my brother is of conſequence ill and exhauſted. My firſt buſineſs was indeed, by Claudina's expreſs deſire, to ſeek you: nor was there more than one intereſt in the world that could have detained me in the purſuit of you. It was preciſely that, however, which happened to occur. I met on the way one of my countrymen, from whom I learnt ſome particulars relative to France which I had long moſt anxiouſly waited to hear. He referred me for further authentic details to another mutual friend, who was that very morning to ſet out on his return thither. Not a ſingle moment was to be loſt. I drove with all the rapidity I could command to the lodgings of the latter, and was fortunate enough to meet with him. As the ſituation of our affairs was in all reſpects alike, the account he gave me of his, left me no reaſon to doubt the event of my own repreſentations at Paris. I entruſted to him a memorial and other papers I had long ſince prepared againſt a ſimilar occaſion, and I rely ſo much both on his zeal, and the juſtice of my cauſe, as to aſſure myſelf that I ſhall quickly obtain the proper paſſports and ſecurity. If, in addition to this, I ſhould be happy enough to recover my family property, how joyfully ſhall I ſhare my affluence with the man who was the friend of my poverty!"

(To be continued.)

Account of Mr. S. Biſſet, famous for teaching Docility to dumb Animals.

S. BISSET, remarkable for his patience and eccentricity in teaching docility to the dumb creation, was born at Perth, in Scotland, about the year 1721. He was bred a ſhoemaker, and had the reputation of being an excellent hand at what is called woman's work. He afterwards went to London, where he married a woman who brought him ſome property, turned broker, and continued to accumulate money till the notion of teaching the quadruped kind attracted his attention in the year 1739.

Reading an account of a remarkable horſe ſhewn at the fair of St. Germains, curioſity led him to try his hand on a horſe and dog, which he bought in London, and he ſucceeded beyond all expectation. Two monkies were the next pupils he exerciſed his

his art upon, one of which he taught to dance and tumble on the rope, and the other played a barrel-organ. He alſo taught theſe antic-animals to perform ſeveral other curious tricks, ſuch as drinking to the company, going through ſeveral regular dances with the dog, &c. Three young cats were the next objects of his tuition. He inſtructed thoſe domeſtic tygers to ſtrike their paws in ſuch directions on the dulcimer as to produce ſeveral regular tunes, having muſic books before them, and ſqualling at the ſame time in different keys or tones, firſt, ſecond, and third, by way of concert. Theſe performances exciting general curioſity, his houſe was every day crowded, and his buſineſs much interrupted.

Being adviſed to make a public exhibition of his animals, he readily aſſented to the propoſal; and the well known cat's opera was advertiſed to be repreſented in the Haymarket, where a horſe, a dog, the monkeys, and the cats, went through their ſeveral parts with uncommon applauſe, to crowded houſes; and in a few days Biſſet found himſelf a gainer of almoſt a thouſand pounds, as a reward for his ingenuity. This ſucceſs created a deſire of extending his dominion over other animals. He procured a leveret, and taught it to beat ſeveral marches on a drum on its hind-legs, till it became a full-grown hare. He taught canary birds, linnets, and ſparrows, to ſpell the name of any perſon in company, to diſtinguiſh the hour and minute of time, and play many other ſurpriſing feats. He trained ſix turkey-cocks to go through a regular dance; but, to accompliſh this, he acknowledged to have adopted the caſtern method by which camels are made to dance, by heating the floor. In the courſe of ſix months teaching, he enabled a turkey to fetch and carry like a dog; and having chalked the floor, and blackened its claws, could direct it to trace out any given name of the company.

At length, not meeting with the encouragement he had for ſome years received, he found himſelf conſtrained to make an itinerant exhibition of part of his group, and to ſell the reſt. After ſhewing his animals in the city of London to the great aſtoniſhment of thouſands, in 1775 he took the north-weſt circuit of the kingdom, and afterwards went to Belfaſt, where he eſtabliſhed himſelf in a public-houſe, reſolving in future to deal only with the rational part of animated nature. But the habits and the amuſements of life cannot be all at once abandoned. He trained a dog and cat to perform many amazing exploits.

A doubt being ſtarted to him, whether the obſtinacy of a pig could be conquered, his uſual patient fortitude was exerciſed to try the experiment. He bought a black ſucking pig in the market of Belfaſt for three ſhillings, and trained it to lie under the ſtool or kit on which he ſat at his work.—At various intervals during ſix or ſeven months he tried in vain to bring the young

boar to his purpoſe, and deſpairing of every kind of ſucceſs, he was on the point of giving it away, when it ſtruck him to adopt a new mode of teaching; in conſequence of which, in the courſe of ſix months, he made an animal, ſuppoſed to be the moſt obſtinate and perverſe in nature, to become the moſt tractable.

In Auguſt, 1783, he again turned itinerant, and took his learned pig to Dublin, where it was ſhewn for two or three nights at Ranelagh. It was perfectly under command, and appeared as pliant and good natured as a ſpaniel. When the weather had made it neceſſary that Biſſet ſhould remove his animal to the city, he obtained the permiſſion of the chief magiſtrate, and advertiſed it to be ſeen in Dame-ſtreet. It was exhibited two or three days to many perſons of diſtinction, when it could ſpell, without any apparent direction, the name or names of thoſe in company, caſt up accounts, and point out even the words thought of by perſons preſent. It told exactly the hour, minutes, and ſeconds; pointed out the married and unmarried, kneeled, and made his obeiſance to the company, &c. &c.

Poor Biſſet was thus in a fair way of "bringing his pig to a good market," when a fellow broke into the room without any ſort of pretext, and, armed with that brutality which the idea of power gives, what Shakeſpeare calls "a pelting officer," he aſſaulted the inoffenſive man, broke and deſtroyed every thing by which the performance was directed, and even menaced vengeance on the poor pig. In vain the injured Biſſet pleaded the permiſſion he had obtained from the chief magiſtrate: he was threatened to be dragged to priſon, if he was found again offending in the ſame manner; in conſequence of which he was compelled to return home, but not before the agitation of his mind had thrown him into a fit of illneſs, from which he never effectually recovered, and he died a few days after at Cheſter, on his way to London.

Account of a Journey to the Summit of Mount Perdu, one of the Upper Pyrenees, by Citizen Ramond, Member of the National Inſtitute.

CITIZEN L. RAMOND, one of the Legiſlative Body, of the National Inſtitute, as likewiſe member of many learned ſocieties, has lately publiſhed a narrative of his excurſion to Mount Perdu and the parts adjacent, on the creſt, or moſt elevated ſummit, of the Upper Pyrenees; in which, (among other facts and diſcoveries ſufficiently intereſting to captivate the attention of the naturaliſt, and which, in a confuſed aſſemblage of ruins, ſhew nature acting by conſtant laws, and concealing a real order under apparent diſorder), the moſt important object, next

to

to tracing the different elements which enter into the compoſition of the Pyrenees themſelves, is that great maſs of organic fragments which repoſes on the cimex or higheſt point of the Pyrenees. In thoſe ſavage regions, where no one before himſelf had dared to penetrate, and where nature diſplays ſuch fierce, terrible, and even horrid forms: the very dangers to which the author expoſes himſelf, and the ſenſations which he experiences at the ſight of ſo many extraordinary objects, add conſiderably to the value of his reſearches.

Before the journey of Citizen Ramond, it was not unknown that there exiſted different foſſil ſhells in that immenſe chain; but till then they had been only diſcovered in very ſmall quantities, in a ſmall number of places, and rather in the upper mountains than in the lower. It was undoubtedly known, but only as a ſingularity, to naturaliſts. They had, however, remarked the extreme abundance of calcerous matter, which predominates even in the upper regions of thoſe mountains. Pallaſſou has made mention of it in his "Eſſay on the Mineralogy of the Pyrenees.

Without having ever reached the principal ſummits, he had judged of their nature by the ſtrata which the torrents bring along with them, and by the ſame index he had ranged Vignemale, the Pic Blanc, and the Marbore, in the claſs of the laſt depoſits of the ſea. In the year 1786, Citizens Vidal and Reboul, having commenced operations which tended to determine exactly the height of Pic du Midi, they inferred from thence, that of the different parts of the chain which are viſible from the higheſt parts of that ridge; and ſo they judged that the principal ſummit of the Marbore was the moſt elevated point of the Pyrenees. But this ſummit is preciſely the Mount Perdu, the height of which above the level of the ſea is eſtimated at 3332 metres, or 1710 toiſes.

They afterwards viſited the valleys of Gavarnie and Eſtaube, ſituated at the foot of Mount Perdu; and they aſcertained ſo well the calcerous conſtitution of them, as to have no doubt that all the faſtigia, or heights, ſupported on theſe vaſt baſes, were formed of the ſame kind of ſtone; but to what order of revolutions do theſe immenſe depoſits appertain? To reſolve this queſtion, ſufficient data were wanting. In theſe circumſtances, Citizen Ramond, in his turn, aſſailed the creſt of the Pyrenees, riſing to more than 3000 metres over the graduations or ſteps of the circus of Gavarnie, and, after an inſpection of the places, came to this concluſion—that the Pyrenees were finiſhed when Mount Perdu was formed—the inclination of the layers (coudres) towards the granitical axle of the chain, the nature of the rocks which cover it, and the order in which they ſucceed each other in proportion to their diſtance from it, had determined him to form this judgement. This however, was only a conjecture;

for he had not as yet perceived, in the calcerous matter of theſe high regions, any trace of marine-bodies. The moment of verifying this matter was now come; the Pyrenees, reſtored to peace, were likewiſe ſo to obſervation; and Citizen Ramond directed all his thoughts towards viſiting again the Marbore, and opening himſelf a paſſage to Mount Perdu. But how muſt he arrive at this? At the entrance of the valley of Eſtaube, its ſummit appears above the high walls that encloſe it, like a cone all reſplendent with ſnow. Citizen Ramond judged, that if he could ſcale thoſe walls, or overturn them, he ſhould have a view of the body itſelf of the mountain, and he decided to ſeek his rout along the bottom or level of Eſtaube. Provided with two excellent guides, and followed by ſome young pupils, full of zeal and courage, he ſet out from Bareges, the 25th Thermidor, year 5. In the evening, he reached the heights of Coumelie. At the break of day, they took the route of the valley of Eſtaube, and were not long in diſtinguiſhing the ſummit of Mount Perdu, which appeared above enormous rocks, cut perpendicularly like walls; but ſoon it diſappeared behind thoſe very walls, which ſeemed to riſe higher in proportion to their nearer approach. At length, after four hour's journey, they found themſelves at the foot of an intermediate glacier, covered with ſnow and conſequently acceſſible; this glacier which conducted to a breach or opening that ſeemed to face Mount Perdu, they reſolved to attempt by eſcalade. At length, after many attempts, the leſſening of the cleft or breach, the ice concealed under ſnows of a pure white, the ſinking of the high limits of the dell or valley, and the cold wind which ruſhes through the vaſt aperture of the cleft, again viſible under giganteſque proportions, indicated the ſummit of the creſt, and their arrival at the deſired end; or, at leaſt, the creſt which they aſcended is only ſeparated from the ſummit of Mount Perdu by the eroſion, or falling off, of a part of its flanks: this ſummit was before them a little to the left, white, but ſhaded with grey, and enveloped in the bo- ſom of a light cloud, which circulated ſlowly about it.

Here, after a cry of joy, which announced the change of ſcene, a ſolemn ſilence ſucceeds, at the aſpect of a new world, at the vaſt depth which ſeparates the travellers from it, the glaciers which gird it round, and the ſnow which covers it; altogether preſenting a frightful and ſublime ſpectacle with which all their faculties were overwhelmed. At their right, ſtood detached the Cylinder (another peak of the Marbore) more ſombrous than the ſnow, more menacing than Mount Perdu itſelf, erect upon its baſe, and ſo near them, that it ſeems to touch Mount Perdu by the hand. At the foot of theſe two ſummits is a lake, ſtill remaining iced, whence riſes a band of rocks, which form here a long promontory the figure of this band in-

dicates a perfect ſimilitude between its ſtructure and that of the platform of the Cylinder.

On their reaching the promontory, which was eaſily done, Citizen Ramond found its rock divided into horizontal ſtrata, like thoſe of the Marbore, and like the Cylinder and its platform. But were theſe ſtrata or fiſſures? The firſt ſtroke of the hammer reſolved the queſtion: they were fiſſures, and the ſtrata were vertical. All thoſe which he had paſſed by, in mounting towards the creſt, were more or leſs in the ſame direction: and now all the doubts of Citizen Ramond with regard to the exiſtence of ſhells and other marine ſubſtances in the upper regions of the Pyrenees, were ſhortly to be removed; he was preparing to ſtrike a ſecond ſtroke into the heart of the rock, when he perceived, on its ſurface, a reddiſh projection, he looks at it more narrowly, and finds it to be a broken-off piece of the polypus kind *(un troncon de polypier)* which he miſtook at firſt for the cellular millepora. He examines further, and he ſees the ſuperior valve of an oyſter filled with orthoceratites; afterwards he finds fragments of a faſcicular madrepora; then other bruiſed or battered zoophytees, which he could not determine; and laſtly ſome portions of echinites, which it was no leſs difficult to refer to their ſpecies.

Here, an avalanche, or great drift of ſnow, falling from the ſummit of the mountain with a formidable noiſe, determined the departure of the travellers. It was neceſſary to deſcend; but to deſcend here "hoc opus, hic labor eſt," the very idea of returning over the ſnow, by which they had mounted, made them ſhudder. They ſearch for an iſſue or egreſs at the eaſtern extremity of the baſin; they turn the graduations of Mount Perdu; they ſlide, one after another, along a narrow cornice, ſuſpended over abyſſes; from thence, they glide into a ravine; from that into another, and ſo from ravines to ravines, from precipices to precipices, they at length arrived at the bottom of the valley of Eſtaube. Shortly there burſts forth one of thoſe ſtorms ſo terrible in the mountains; by the glare of the lightning they ſearch for an aſylum to paſs the night; they arrive at a ſhepherd's hut, but too ſmall to contain all the travellers. The weakeſt find a lodging here, and the moſt robuſt take ſhelter under the excavation of a rock.

Towards the end of the ſame ſummer Citizen Ramond reſolved to reviſit the ſame objects, under new appearances, and by another route. The glacier was then much changed; the ſnow was no more; but a field of ice, furrowed in all directions by large and vaſt crevices, where the foot could not reſt on a ſingle point; rocks lengthened into walls, curved into amphitheatres, cut out into graduations, riſing into towers, to which the hand of giants ſeems to have applied the plumb and line, preſented new and ſtrange aſpects to raviſh the contemplation,

at

at leaſt, where the charm of enthuſiaſm is not wanting, which alone can conduct the traveller (through ſo many ſubverſions, ſtorms, torrents, avalanches, wrecks, and heaps of ruins; the revolutions of the earth, of the elements, or, to borrow ſome of the intereſting traits in the author's picturesque deſcription, "Old rocks, all petrified with carcaſes; creſts ſurcharged with the ices of an eternal winter; an auguſt monument of venerable ſpoils; an immenſe cemetery of the inhabitants of the ancient world; a lugubrous-diadem and funereal girdle of ſnow, where time paſſes on without ever growing young again; where death, by its ſubſtance and forms, is every where; from whoſe awful precincts every thing that lives is rejected," &c. &c.) to ſee theſe grand and terrible objects of nature.

In this ſecond expedition, the author made many important obſervations. By digging leiſurely in the promontory of the lake, and in the rocks round about, he diſcovered a multitude of new teſtaceous animals, the ſpecific characters of which he endeavoured to point out; he found others which he could not refer to any known genus; and, laſtly, he thought he perceived even the bones of quadrupedes, exactly repreſented by the ſilex, both in their exterior and interior conformation. Foſſil-bones on the higheſt mountains of the Pyrenees? This queſtion opens a vaſt field of conjecture to Citizen Ramond, who, however, did not direct all his obſervations to the mineral kingdom only; the beautiful and rare plants of theſe mountains attracted likewiſe his regard, and this occupation made an agreeable diverſion to his other reſearches. To ſtudy better the chain of the Pyrenees, he traverſed the vallies of Gavarnie and of Heas: he viſited le Coumelie and le Pimene; and, laſtly, makes the following reflections on the chain of the Pyrenees, as diſtinguiſhed from the Alps, and other mountains, the ſtructure of which is better known. 1. The chain of the Pyrenees is eſſentially more ſimple. 2. There appears, however, to have been more trouble in the formation of the mountains ſuperimpoſed on the primitive chain. 3. The calcerous matter, whether primitive or ſecondary, is here more ſenſibly abundant. 4. The ſecondary calcerous matter is here elevated to a more conſiderable height. And, 5. The ivaſion *(l'ivaſion)* has been effectuated in a contrary direction.

Character of the late Sir Chriſtopher Sykes, Bart.

[From the York Herald.]

ON Thurſday morning, the 17th of September, 1801, at Clifton, near Briſtol, where he had flattered himſelf with

ſome hope of recovery, died, of a conſumption, Sir Chriſtopher Sykes, of Sledmere, in the Eaſt Riding of the county of York.

Shakeſpeare has given to Harry the Fifth an expreſſion of very pathetic tenderneſs, in ſaying,

" I could have better ſpar'd another man!"

And ſo may the country around ſay of Sir Chriſtopher Sykes: for few men have ever exiſted, whoſe taſte has more ſtrongly improved its beauties, or whoſe memory will live longer in the works they have left behind them. What in ſome parts of England have been called " ornaments and decorations," ſink into nothing, when the large ſcale of his improvements is conſidered, which extended themſelves in various directions over a ſurface of nearly one hundred miles. The exact order too in which they were preſerved is not leſs remarkable than their formation. But of his own labours he was unſparing. He generally roſe at an earlier hour than the labourers of the country, and had frequently rode twenty miles, before thoſe, who think themſelves active, have riſen from their beds.—Every plan of amending the ſtate of the country, whether by drainage or incloſure, by building or navigation, found in him an active friend and ſupporter. In fact, he was, in every ſenſe of the word, a moſt enlightened country gentleman.

In the domeſtic relations of life, his loſs will be regretted moſt by thoſe who knew him beſt.—He was, it is ſaid, an affectionate huſband, a good father, an obſervant maſter, and an extenſive employer of the poor. By ſome, perhaps, it may have been thought he was too attentive to riches; but to no paltry purpoſes were they applied, nor confined within his own coffers. They who knew the large demands for money which his eſtabliſhments, his numerous buildings, his various plantations, and a never-ceaſing ſeries of new works, continued to make, will be convinced that it required no ſmall foreſight to provide that which ſo much beneficence paid away. He who converts a barren land into a ſtate of decorated agriculture, and who changes the whole face and figure of a country, cannot do it at little coſt.

In ſhort, Sir Chriſtopher Sykes has left behind him, in his works, a memorial that will grow with time itſelf—a memorial more pure than the conquerors of kingdoms ever purchaſed—if to beautify nature be better than to deface it; and to feed man be better than to deſtroy him.

Whoever paſſes over the wolds of Yorkſhire, where this gentleman had property, and recalling to his mind what they were, now ſees what they are, will have cauſe to remember the name of Sykes; for he has realiſed the ancient inſcription more truly than he for whom it was written,

" Si

" Si quæras monumentum, circumſpice!"
" If you aſk for my monument, look around you!"

Over the memory of ſuch a man, it would be unpardonable in the admirers of ornamental or uſeful agriculture to paſs in ſilence. May the example operate upon others! and while the numbers of thoſe who live to do miſchief, and of thoſe who live to do nothing, are conſidered, he who has lived to do a great public good, may well be ſelected for remembrance!

AN IMPARTIAL TRIBUTE.

CHARACTER *of the late* MRS. LOFFT.

Written by her Huſband, CAPEL LOFFT, ESQ.

IN the month of September, 1801, died at Troſton, near Bury, where ſhe had reſided near twenty years, Anne, the wife of Capel Lofft, barriſter at law, and daughter of Mr. Henry Emlyn, of Windſor, Berks, architect. She had been in her early youth an highly eſteemed pupil of Mr. Ferguſon, the aſtronomer, and celebrated mechanician. She had a very correct and extenſive knowledge, which ſhe poſſeſſed without affectation. Pre-eminent in perſonal and intellectual endowments, with the greateſt power to ſhine and pleaſe univerſally, ſhe was content to be retired, beneficent, and unremittingly uſeful. She will long be remembered by her acquaintance, ſhe will never be forgotten by her friends; and ſhe will live in the remembrance of her poor and ſuffering neighbours, to whom ſhe was the tendereſt, moſt judicious, and honeſt friend: of her family in general, in the conduct of which ſhe was conſidered fondeſt, mildeſt, and affectionately kind; and of her children (of whom ſhe has left four, a daughter, and three ſons) who have every motive to cheriſh the affection due to the memory of the moſt affectionate, amiable, and excellent mother.

To the ſufferings of all that is endowed with ſenſation, ſhe was ſenſible, and attentive to avoid inflicting miſery, and to promote comfort. She had ſeen great and continued difficulties for many years! By prudence and perſevering attention, ſhe had nearly ſurmounted theſe, and ſeemed to have a proſpect of ſeeing her family eſtabliſhed in eaſe and comfort, and of enjoying with them that ſerenity, which years of anxious attention had been ſpent to ſecure. This character of her is not the reſult of ſhort obſervation.

She was married Auguſt 20, 1778. She began, and with gratitude to Heaven, to think herſelf that her proſpects were clearing. Her laſt year was, however, a year of uncommon trial. In the beginning of it, ſhe was ſuddenly, under the call of duty

and

and affection, hurried from her home to attend, as ſhe did moſt tenderly, judiciouſly, and ſucceſsfully, an apparently dying ſiſter; and, at the ſame time ſhe ſoothed the pains of a juſtly and highly eſteemed friend, and ſoftened to her the bed of death. She then not much, and her friends in no degree, apprehended how ſoon that lot was to be her own. She had enjoyed an excellent conſtitution, and an uniform ſtate of health, which great ſimplicity of diet, evenneſs of temper, and activity, with regular exerciſe in the open air, and various employment, promiſed to continue, at leaſt, to the full uſual extent of life; yet this ſhe was far from reaching.

A moſt dangerous and afflictive complaint had been long and imperceptibly ſtealing on her conſtitution, which, though good, was delicate, as it generally is, where, with great force of mind, there is much ſenſibility. Suddenly this fatal complaint manifeſted itſelf by a moſt alarming attack on the ſyſtem. The immediate danger, which was exceſſive, was obviated by the uſe of Ruſpini's Styptic, aided, it may be juſtly believed, by her own fortitude, and conſtant equanimity; and by the ſkill and attentive care of Dr. White, of Bury, and Mr. Barker, of Ixworth. But the laſt ſtroke, although delayed, could not for more than ſome weeks be averted*. A moſt ſevere and excruciating illneſs ſhe ſuſtained, as long as the powers of nature would permit, with her habitually mild compoſure. Recollected to the laſt, her mind was occupied, as from the firſt of her life it had been, in thoughts and exertions of ſympathy and beneficence; and her laſt hours were comparatively eaſy and even cheerful. She was removed from this life by an almoſt imperceptible expiration, about a quarter before eight in the morning.

That ſuch a being was lent to ſociety, eſpecially to that portion of ſociety to which ſhe could be moſt uſeful, was no ordinary bleſſing; and, in times like theſe, however encouraging the proſpects were which ſeemed to be opening to her family, who can ſay how far her removal now from this ſtate of exiſtence may have been an eſſential and neceſſary bleſſing to herſelf? Though we ſpeak here of a female character, we may judge of this truth by conſidering others eminent in the public view; and the moſt private characters poſſeſſed of foreſight and ſocial feeling, have ſufficient cauſe to think of impending ill. If our late admirable female hiſtorian, if Mary Wollſtonecraft, if Madame Roland, if of men who have adorned literature and ſcience, and benefited mankind, a Jebb, a Price, and a Wakefield, a Rouſſeau, a Maleſherbes, were now living, we are ſure they would have cauſe to ſuffer for themſelves, their connections, their country, and human happineſs in general; and we are far

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* From the 18 of Auguſt.

from ſure that they could have lived to ſee theſe days of gloom and deſtruction, ſo baneful to private and public welfare, paſs away. Heaven only knows, and alone can do, what is ever beſt; and when the wife, the amiable, and the uſeful, are taken away, it is often ſeen by events, that they have been mercifully withdrawn from the evils to come.

CAPEL LOFFT.

Remarkable INSTANCE *of* HONESTY.

[From Storch's Picture of Peterſburgh, juſt publiſhed.]

IN the little town of Oranienbaum lives a woman, bordering on ninety, by name Chriſtophorevna, a native of Holſtein. A little cottage is her ſole poſſeſſion, and the viſits of a few ſhipmaſters coming over from Cronſtadt to go to Peterſburgh by land, when the wind does not ſerve for ſailing up, her only livelihood.

Several Dutch ſkippers having one evening ſupped at her houſe, on their departure ſhe found a ſealed bag of money under the table. Her ſurpriſe at this unexpected diſcovery was naturally very great; ſome one of the company juſt gone muſt certainly have forgotten it; but they were ſailed over to Cronſtadt, and perhaps at ſea, the wind being fair, and therefore no hope of the gueſts returning.

The good woman put up the bag in her cupboard to keep it till called for. However, nobody called for it. Full ſeven years did ſhe carefully keep this depoſit, often tempted by opportunities, ſtill oftener preſſed by want, to employ this gift of chance. Her honeſty, however, overcame every allurement of opportunity, and every command of want.

Seven years had elapſed, when ſome ſhip-maſters again ſtopped at her houſe, to take what refreſhment they could find. Three of them were Engliſhmen, the fourth a Dutchman. Converſing of various matters, one of the former aſked the Dutchman whether he had ever before been at Oranienbaum? "Yes, ſure I have," returned he, "I know the curſed place but too well: my being here once coſt me 700 rubles." "How ſo?" "Why, in one of theſe wretched hovels here I once got rather tipſy, and left behind me a bag of rubles." "Was the bag ſealed?" aſked old Chriſtophorevna, who was ſitting in one corner of the room, and had been rouzed to attention by what ſhe had heard. "Yes, yes, it was ſealed, and with this very ſeal here at my watch-chain."

The woman looked at the ſeal, and knew it directly. "Well then (ſaid ſhe) by that you may be able to recover what you loſt." "Recover it, mother! no; I am rather too old to expect that.

that. The world is not quite ſo honeſt as that comes to. Beſides, conſider it is now ſeven years ſince. I wiſh I had not mentioned it; it always makes me melancholy. Let us have no more of it. Give me another tumbler of punch, mother."

While the four gentlemen were engaged in drowning the remembrance of the doleful accident in punch, the good old woman had ſlipt out, and was now waddling in with her bag. "See here, perhaps you may be convinced that honeſty is not ſo rare as you imagined," ſaid ſhe, putting the bag upon the table.

Never were ſuch ſtrong emotions excited in any human mind, as in that of the Dutchman. From the firmeſt perſuaſion of his loſs to the compleateſt certainty of its recovery, the tranſition was too ſudden and too great not to ſet every fibre of his phlegmatic body in vibration. One look at the honeſt woman to whom he was indebted for this tranſport of joy, brought him to himſelf. A ſudden impulſe of magnanimity overpowered him, to which all other ſenſations reverently gave way. He ſeized the bag, tore open the ſeal, took—one ruble out, and laid it on the table, with a civil thankſgiving for the trouble his hoſteſs had had.

If the aſtoniſhment of the other three was great before, it was now effaced by a greater. They ſtood looking at one another for a minute, as ſilent as the grave.

"Dammee," at laſt, exclaimed one of the Engliſhmen, ſtriking his fiſt upon the table; "that bag there, my lad, you ſhall not carry off ſo. Devil fetch me, but the old woman ſhall have it!" His two countrymen, who had been mute till now, added their hearty concurrence to his propoſal.

After long debate, conducted with various degrees of heat, perceiving no poſſibility of ſucceſs againſt the ſturdy arguments likely to be advanced, the ſkipper agreed to part with fifty rubles. The Engliſhmen inſiſted upon an hundred. This propoſal ſeemed to the Dutchman ſo unreaſonable, that he declared he would ſooner encounter the whole weight of their fiſts than comply with it.

"Avaſt, my lads!" cried the captain who had made the firſt attack upon the Dutchman's generoſity. "I have ſomewhat to ſay. The bag does not belong to us. That is true; but a Briton will never ſtand by and not ſee juſtice done; and by Heaven the woman here has acted nobly, and ought to be rewarded: give me hold of the bag. I will count out the hundred rubles."

No ſooner ſaid than done. The Dutchman, thunder-ſtruck at this ſummary way of proceeding, had not time to recover himſelf before the hundred rubles were fairly counted upon the table. This brought on a truce. Where humanity, gratitude, generoſity, and Engliſh fiſts had made the attack in vain, there conquered—national pride. The Dutchman inſiſted upon it, that the Britons ſhould let him treat them; and in perfect ſtoical reſignation parted with a hundred of his beloved rubles.

On COUNTERFEIT MONEY.

IT is very remarkable, obſerves the late Hon. D. Barrington, that in the time of Edward I. there does not ſeem to have been the leaſt idea of the offence of counterfeiting money being practiſed in England; and that all the regulations of the early ſtatutes are calculated to prevent money of bad alloy being introduced from abroad, particularly from Avignon. In 1278, many Jews were executed for circulating imported baſe money. It is ſtrange, that in ſpite of theſe capital puniſhments, the 20th of Edward I. paſſed only fourteen years after, ſhould be contented with merely forbidding the crime. In ſeven years after, it was, however, made capital; and by the 25th of Edward III. made high-treaſon, and even unlawfully having or making coining tools or inſtruments, is made equally criminal by the 8th and 9th of William III.

AN ANECDOTE.

THOMAS, Earl of Kildare, was ſurnamed Nuppagh (*i. e.* the ape) on the following very ſingular account; being only nine months old when his father and grandfather were ſlain by the M'Carties, and nurſed at Tralee, in Ireland, whither the news of their deaths ſuddenly arriving, the nurſes who attended, in their firſt aſtoniſhment, ran out of the houſe, and left the child alone in the cradle, when a baboon or ape that was kept in the family, took up the infant, and carried it to the top of the caſtle, from whence, after bearing it round the battlements, and ſhewing it for ſome time to the aſtoniſhed ſpectators who ſurrounded the caſtle, he brought it down ſafe, and laid it in the cradle from whence he had taken it.

Anſwer, by J. B. Chivers, of St. Auſtell, to T. G. F.'s Queſtion, inſerted November 17.

LET x = the ſide of the greater cube, and y = that of the leſſer; then per queſtion, $x^2+y^2=164$, and $x^3+y^3=1512$; from the former we get $y^2=164-x^2$, or $y=\overline{164-x^2}\,|\,\frac{1}{2}$, and from the latter we have $y^3=1512-x^3$, or $y=\overline{1512-x^3}\,|$ one-third; therefore $\overline{164-x^2}\,|\,\frac{1}{2}=\overline{1512-x^3}\,|$ one-third: Hence $x=10$ in. = the ſide of the greater cube, and therefore $y=8$ in. = the ſide of the leſſer.—Q. E. D.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

The TOMB *of* AURA.

HAIL mournful muſe! my youthful ſoul inſpire
With all the charms that poetry can own;
With trembling fingers ſtrike the plaintive lyre,
Reſounding love in ſtrains before unknown.

Where yonder willow forms the awful gloom,
Amid the ſhrubs a purling ſtreamlet flows,
And bends its courſe to Aura's lonely tomb,
Where every flow'r of boaſted beauty blows.

Each ruddy morn with penſive ſtep, and ſlow,
The youthful Edwin bent his doleful way;
And bath'd with tears the monument of woe,
That holds the faded Aura's mouldering clay.

Oft as I've wander'd thro' the whiſpering grove,
I've heard the vales reſound his ſad deſpair;
"Farewell! departed object of my love,
"Faireſt of all, and innocent as fair!"

Long did the ſwain his daily cares purſue,
And all the wood's ſequeſter'd glooms explore;
'Till met by death he bade his woes adieu,
And fled to realms where grief is known no more.

When lovely Cynthia gilds the murmuring ſea,
And peaceful ſwains enjoy oblivious ſleep;
When midnight ghoſts, awhile from bondage free,
Glide o'er the plains, or ſkim the boundleſs deep.

Oft near the tomb their airy ſpirits roam,
While mellow notes expand the vernal breeze,
Prepar'd to ſoar to that eternal home
Where happy ſouls enjoy their bleſt decrees.

The timid plough-boy, as he plods along,
Beholds with fear the place where Edwin pin'd;
Uncharm'd by Philomel's nocturnal ſong,
He flees the ſpot, and, trembling, looks behind.

Inconſtant ſwains! who mock the weeping fair,
If e'er you chance near Aura's tomb to rove;
Think what a ſign of conſtancy is there,
Read their ſhort tale, and emulate their love.

JUVENIS.

The THOUGHT *of a* WAKEFUL HOUR.

TO A BROTHER.

HAST thou e'er mark'd that deepeſt gloom of night,
When not one ſtar imparts a ray of light?
When the loud tempeſt raves, the thunders roll,
And mingling horrors reach the firmeſt ſoul?

Forlorn

Forlorn, and ſad, the weary pilgrim ſighs,
No cheering ſhelter meets the languid eyes;
Beneath its load the hapleſs boſom ſwells,
And on each ſcene more bleſs'd, deſpairing dwells;
No path appears, no ſoothing hope is given,
And fancied woes on ſighing winds are driven;
The treach'rous pit his trembling ſtep betrays,
And ev'ry ſtruggle intricates the maze:
What gladneſs then thro' the chill'd boſom ſteals,
When morn's return ſome friendly view reveals;
When nature's bleſſings pour upon the ſight,
And human ſounds the liſtening ear delight;
Each glitt'ring dew-drop ſeems a gentle friend,
As to the haunts of men his footſteps bend.

Thus, when the wounded, deſolated mind,
By inj'ry ſtung, by galling bonds confin'd,
Enduring all the bitterneſs of grief,
Without one earthly view that brings relief,
Sick'ning, reclines upon its parent earth,
Longing to meet the new, immortal birth!
E'en then, when leaſt expected, thro' the gloom
Steals the glad light, and beams a gentler doom:
The bleeding heart a ſtrengthening balm obtains,
And "hands unſeen," ſtrike off affliction's chains.
The joyful tranſport which relief beſtows
Had ne'er been known but for preceding woes;
The ſoul, more bright, with renovated power,
Derives new beauties from the chaſt'ning hour;
Obeys the magnet, (then no more a rod,)
And gratefully aſpires to ſerve its God!

Lines, addreſſed to a Lady on her leaving England, by T. of Stanmore.

FAREWELL Maria! may each gale that blows,
Waft thee to health, to pleaſure, and repoſe!
May halcyon ſmooth the ſtill, unruffl'd main,
And fancied dangers be thy all of pain!
But oh! when foreign wonders meet thine eyes,
And foreign beauties charm, and arts ſurpriſe;
Should novel pleaſures ſteal into thine heart,
And each new pleaſure new deſires impart,
Yet ſtill, Maria, ſtill remember, here
Are friends ſtill true, and friends who once were dear;
Still cheriſh in thine heart affection's flame,
For thoſe now link'd by friendſhip's ſacred name.
Still let thy thoughts revert to Britain's ſhore,
And treaſure up its joys in memory's ſtore;
Its charms, its pleaſures, to thy mind recall,
The cheerful converſe, and the lively ball;
Then, while the ſcenes in mental proſpect riſe,
And fond remembrance ſtreaming from your eyes,
Then think, that all whom once you here have lov'd,
All whom your partial friendſhip has approv'd,
With undiminiſh'd ardour think of you,
And ſtill, with anxious eyes, your fate purſue.
Then, ah! Maria, ſometimes let thy mind,
Revert to thoſe to whom you once was kind;
And ſtill, tho' widening oceans roll between,
Reviſit every friend, and ev'ry ſcene;
And, if a youth, not bleſt with fame or art,
And boaſting nothing, ſave a grateful heart,
Can claim one thought beyond the laſt adieu,
Still think of William, as he thinks of you.

For

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

On HEARING *the* HAPPY NEWS *of* PEACE.

WHILE genius mounts on bold poetic wings,
And bears aloft the oracles she sings,
While listening crowds, enraptur'd at her strain,
Bend at her shrine, nor supplicate in vain,
Shall efforts juvenile attract the ear,
And seek to please, 'mid trembling hope and fear?
Britannia's welfare sounds from every voice,
And in her happiness let all rejoice.
Lo meek-ey'd peace! descending from the skies,
Uprears her banners, wide the mandate flies;
Onward with ardour, urging still her course,
To Britain's favour'd isle her words rehearse:
" Peace to the land! Peace to her sons be giv'n!
" 'Tis so decreed, such is the will of Heav'n!
" Yet, think not peace by your own wisdom brought,
" 'Tis God ordain'd it, and the wonder wrought;
" He who can bid the roaring waves be still,
" Can calm the passions of the human will;
" Command the fierceness of a savage mind,
" In social amity embrace mankind.
" In ancient times his mighty power pourtray'd,
" His chosen people oft have seen display'd;
" Cruel the bondage Israel long endur'd,
" In Pharaoh's land, to constant toil inur'd,
" 'Till great Jehovah, by his sov'reign word,
" Redress'd their wrongs, their supplications heard.
" Yet not to ancient times his grace confin'd,
" From age to age, to the attentive mind,
" Protecting care is seen.

" Mark our own country's record, and rehearse
" His mighty deeds in everlasting verse!
" When haughty Spain, with a tremendous blow,
" Swore by her might, to lay our country low;
" With arms invincible to crush the land,
" And with his legions darken all the strand;
" Like Pharaoh's host, amidst the furious waves,
" Their vaunting chieftains found a watery grave."

Oh! now the joyful sound attracts my ear,
Peace! Peace! proclaim'd, let all the nations hear!
Now the shrill war-hoop will no longer sound,
But heart-felt joy thro' all the land rebound;
Now are our fears, like distant thunder, past;
Dispers'd the storm, that late the land o'ercast;
Plenty again has bless'd our happy isle,
And Oh! may peace for ever on us smile!

Sherborne. PAR ESPERANCE.

EPIGRAM.

UPON some hasty errand Tom was sent,
And met the parish curate as he went;
But just like what he was, a perfect clown,
It seems he pass'd him with a cover'd crown;
The gownsman stopp'd, and turning, sternly said,
" I doubt, my lad, you are ill taught than fed;"
" Why, aye, says Tom, still jogging on, " that's true,
" Thank God— he FEEDS me—but I'm taught by YOU."